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SILVER TRUST.

TO SILVER MINE OWNERS: IF BRYAN IS ELECTED WE SHALL MAKE THE PEOPLE PAY YOU AN INCREASE OF 64¢ ON EVERY OUNCE OF YOUR SILVER. THIS MEANS A PROFIT TO YOU OF $36,000,000. A YEAR. WE ASK YOU TO CONTRIBUTE ONE MONTH'S PROFIT OF $3,000,000. TO ELECT BRYAN. MERRILL'S POPOCRATIC CIRCULAR

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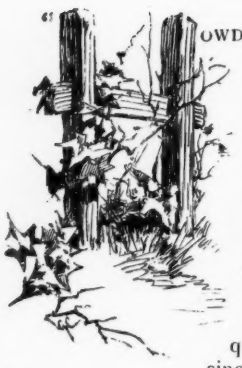
## THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF IT.

PUCK.—Now you can see, gentlemen, that the Bryan campaign is not *in the interest of the people*, but simply and solely in the interest of the Silver Trust.

### OUT OF THE QUESTION.

He asked me in to have a "smile,"
And needless it will be
To state it was not London *Punch*
To which he treated me.

### HIS MALADY.



"OWDY, MIZZUS SUNKLANDS!" saluted a prominent Arkansaw matron, addressing an acquaintance who had come ove. to spend the day with her. "How 's all?"

"We 're all tollable, thank you," was the reply. "How 's all with you?"

"Oh! we 're all on foot except Jud. He spent the biggest part of the day yesterday an' most of last night tryin' to figger out the ratio between gold an' silver in 1857 in a newspaper, an' then diskivvered that the table of figgers that he was workin' on was a delinquent tax list. He 's been in bed ever since, an' the doctor says he 's got a touch of nervous pros — prosperity."

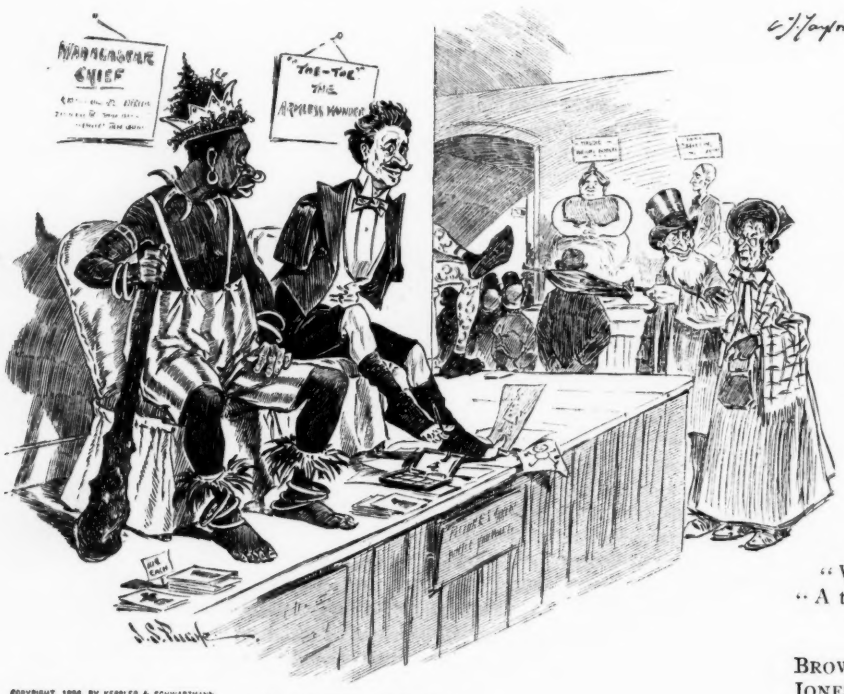
### LOOKING FORWARD.

"I wonder what kind of administration McKinley will give us?"

"Well. I suppose we 'll have to explain to our children some day that we had to elect him in self-defense."

### A CRUSHING REPLY.

BROWN.— Did you ask that question at the political meeting?
JONES.—Yes.
BROWN.—What was the answer?
JONES.— "Put him out!"

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### IN THE MUSEUM.

FIRST FREAK.— My engagement ends next Saturday night.
SECOND FREAK.— Does it?
FIRST FREAK.— Yes; next week I 'll be what you might call an idle curiosity.

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### SHOCKED.

THE CLERGYMAN.— I had no idea profanity was so prevalent till I began to ride a wheel.

HIS WIFE.— Do you hear much of it on the road?

THE CLERGYMAN — Why, nearly every one I run into swears frightfully!

### WOULD HAVE TO QUIT.

REPORTER *(to pugilist)*. — So you are sure that you will be able to defeat Biffer, Mr. Slugson?

SLUGSON *(confidently)*.— I 'll put him out of de business wid one punch.

REPORTER. — Then I 'll just state that you intend to break his jaw.

### THE CAUSE OF THE IMPROVEMENT.

"Scorcher has had his back straightened somewhat."
"What did it?"
"A ten-dollar fine."

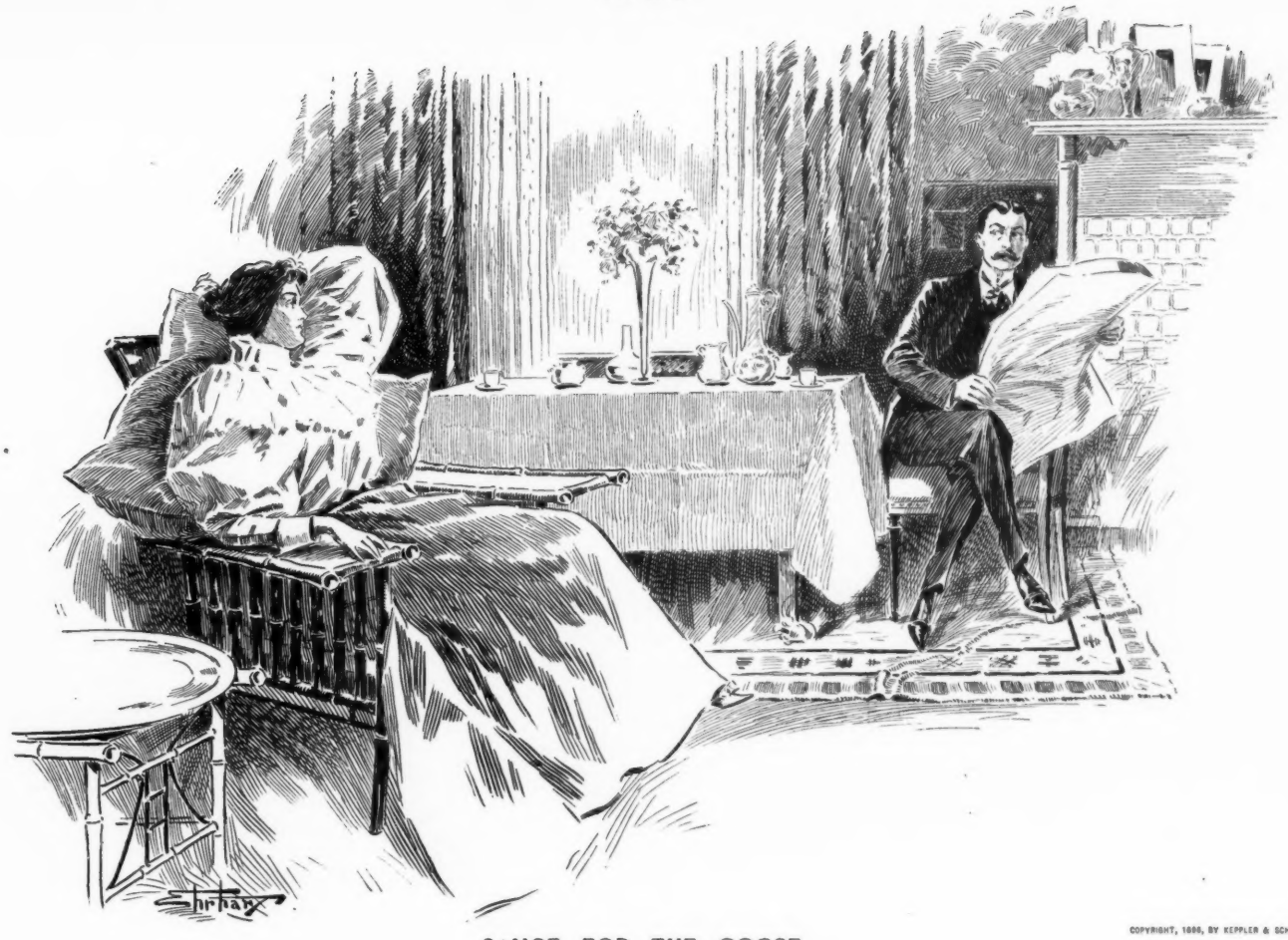
### NOT HIS FAULT.

BROWN.— McKinley can't lose.
JONES.— That 's good. He would if he could.

### PLACING HIM.

"Vaycant is n't very heavy mentally, is he?"

"No. He 's the sort of fellow that would wear one of those 'I 'm In Love. Are You?' buttons and get up at 5 A. M. to show it."



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SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

MR. HIRAM DALY.— The cook says she won't leave without a recommendation. But, of course, it would not be right to give it to her.

MRS. HIRAM DALY.— Oh! I don't know about that. She came here with one.

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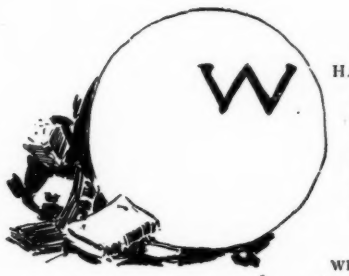

## A DELICATE QUESTION.

WHAT IS A writer to do? How is he to comport himself when he sits in company where his writings are read? This is a question that has long employed the brightest literary minds, without, so far as I know, any practical solution.

It is the part of modesty for the writer to affect that there is no merit in the writing; and this is also the part of good sense. But is a writer to stultify himself by admitting that each word as it is read is an added proof of his imbecility? Although a writer is mentally defective, he has the same rights as other people who are mentally defective; and in society, as is well known, no one is required to waive a claim to perfect intelligence. A writer must certainly appear to think that his work has merit.

But suppose that the writer does appear to think that his work has merit: the audience will then consider him guilty of that most heinous of vices, unconscious non-cerebration.

Some writers try to escape the difficulty by putting off the character of the author and affecting to be present as a third person. They then sit by and smile absently, as if out of mere politeness, and appear boldly to hold the belief that they could do very much better themselves. Still, as it is right in evidence at the moment that they could not, the artifice is vain.

By another artifice some writers feign that ordinarily they are but ordinary people; that it is only when they are in a state of inspiration, or trance, that they are capable of uttering the words of indefinable genius. Exercising this method, I have seen an author listen with the greatest modesty to his own writings, placing his head on one side to follow the subtle argument, and becoming overwhelmed with conviction at the unanswerable conclusion.

All of these artifices, however, are ineffectual, and the reason is that they are not radical. They do not reach the seat of the difficulty. The reading unavoidably puts the author in a bad and unenviable light. When he is present at such a reading he must remain uncomfortable; and, on the other hand, the audience must be uncomfortable so long as he remains. If the author would take the writing privately and secretly, and read it to himself, he would (as we know) be ineffably happy, while if the audience were given opportunity to read the writing in the absence of the writer and his friends, they too could be merry; but when the writing is presented to both parties simultaneously, their interests and emotions being diverse, there can be only concealment and unhappiness.

*Williston Fish.*

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SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

FARMER CORNCUTTER.— Ole Tom Perkins says he 'd sooner send his son ter hell than ter Yale College.

FARMER HAYRICK.— He 's a dum fool; that 's wot *he* is! Ye kin git a son *out* uv Yale College, b'gosh!

## IT CAN'T BE HELPED.

THE VIOLIN improves with age
And groweth not passé;
But some, both off and on the stage,
The violin do play,
Who 'd still excite their hearers' rage
Though they should live alway
And practice every day.
Alack a day! 't is sad to say,
But some are built that way.

## A LARGE HEART.

MRS. BROWN. — My husband lost a great deal of money on that decline in stocks.

MRS. JONES. — I 'm so sorry! Whenever I hear of those declines in stocks I think, would n't it have been a good thing if everybody had sold out before the market began to go down!

## HALF A LOAF.

THE BARON. — Well, she won't marry me. She has accepted my rival, the Count.

HIS FRIEND. — You seem quite cheerful, however.

THE BARON. — Oh, yes! The fact is, the Count and I pooled our issues. Our understanding is that if she marries either, we divide the money.

## A WHISPERED CONSULTATION.

THE CLOTHING MERCHANT. — Von't he pay more as four sefenty-five?

HIS SON. — Not a cendt. But, fader, dot 's all ve expegted to get.

CLOTHING MERCHANT. — Yes; but ve did n't expegt to sell dem to a man vot dey acksherally fit.

## A GUESS.

JONES. — Who was it that said "The unexpected always happens"?

JENKINS. — I don't know. Was n't it somebody connected with the Weather Bureau?

## HIS OFFENCE.

BROWN. — What is the charge against the minister?

ROBINSON. — He is charged with conduct unbecoming a clergyman. It seems that he has been attending sacred concerts.

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## NOT QUALIFIED.

CARELESS CALKINS. — Weary 'll never be much of a success in dis business.

GOODCHEER GILLIGAN. — Why not?

CARELESS CALKINS. — As soon as he gits a square meal he begins ter worry about where de next one is to come from.

## FAITH SUBLIME.

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MEDIUM *(to veiled customer)*. — Ah! I see a blonde gentleman; — he loves you very dearly — even more than you think for. I also see a dark man; — he is jealous of the blonde gentleman; — if you marry the one with the fair hair you will be very happy; — but, again, I tell you, beware of the dark-complexioned man!

MISS SNOFLAIKE *(removing her veil)*. — Now, ef you 'll jes' give me de name an' address ob dat blonde gen'aman I 'll gib yo' a quatah extra.

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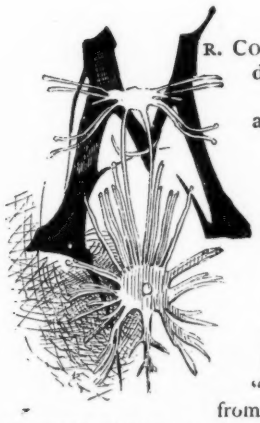
## A SURE LOSS.

MRS. JOHNSON.—Jess hide youah money in a bible, Mrs. Jackson; —nobody evah looks in a bible, you know.

MRS. JACKSON *(with a gasp)*.—Oh, lawd!—I 'd lose it shuah! Mah ole man 's ve'y religious, an' reads de bible twice a day.

## WOMEN'S WAYS.



MR. COLUMBUS FLATTE brought a friend home to dine the other evening.

Mrs. Flatte was not expecting a visitor and was out in the kitchen, dressing a salad.

No sooner had the gentlemen set foot in the private hall than Mrs. Flatte called out:

"Wipe your feet!"

"Certainly, my dear!" said Columbus, ushering his friend into the parlor; then, as Mrs. Flatte came in, he introduced them as follows:

"Alicia, this is Mr. Rocketts, from our office. You have heard me speak of him, no doubt, as our champion wheelman. Mr. Rocketts is about to embark on the sea of matrimony; so I asked him off-hand to come up and see the dearest little flat, and get acquainted with the sweetest little wife, and eat the best little dinner in all New York. I thought our example would do him good.—My wife, Mr. Rocketts. Now, just make yourself at home; but don't put your umbrella in that hall rack; it 's wet, I know; so carry it out to the bath-tub. And don't spit in that cuspidor, and don't put your cigar on the mantelpiece."

"O Columbus! how can you?" interjected Mrs. Flatte.

"And you can lie down on that lounge if you want to," Mr. Flatte went on, "but you must put a newspaper across the foot of it; and you can take off your coat if you want to, but you must hang it up;" (then, seeing his wife was beginning to look a little serious,) "and you can have any mortal thing in the house to eat or drink, and you can have it any hour of the day or night,—if you stop over,—and all you want of it. I don't know what it is, but *(sniffing)* it smells good, whatever it is."

"That 's a fish scallop, Columbus, dear," said Mrs. Flatte. "I know you don't like fish very much, unless it 's whole and got its head on right. I suppose you know something of Columbus's tastes, Mr. Rocketts, and what a quiz he is; but the last time my new girl cooked fish she broke it all up, and served it with the tail on one fin, and the head on the other. It did look so funny! I 'm awfully glad you 're going to be married young, Mr. Rocketts!" (Rocketts blushed.) "Some friends of ours were married young last month, and she 's got back and been here to-day, and they 're just as happy as they can be. And my father and mother were married young, and Ma says they were happy, too, although Pa's fat tried him a good deal before he died; and he used to worry Ma a lot, I remember, too, when he 'd lose his eye-glasses; and he was always mislaying his night-key, and forgetting his pocket-handkerchief and his lunch, and then his stomach would get all upset; and how he could scold! My!—But, come in to dinner; I 've got Columbus's favorite dessert—that 's "tipsy cake" and cold boiled ham; though what in the world any one should call it cake for, when it 's pudding, is more than I know; and why tipsy, when there 's only one glass of wine to ten lady-fingers and that never made any lady, or gentleman, either, drunk."

*Madeline Orvis.*

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## EVIDENCE.

FIRST REPORTER.—You always said that Jones would never learn anything about the newspaper business. I told you he would, in time.

SECOND REPORTER.—What makes you think he has?

FIRST REPORTER.—He 's looking for a job in some other line.

## AN IDEAL TALESMAN.

JONES.—How did Brown happen to get on the jury? Has he no prejudice against circumstantial evidence?

SMITH.—Not the slightest. He does n't know what it is.

## IN HARLEM.

TEACHER.—Name another great non-conductor of heat.

PUPIL.—The steam-pipes in our flat.

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## FALSE.

MISS GOLDY DE ROCKS.—I can never marry a man who works for a living!

D'AUBER.—But I am an artist, dearest!

MISS GOLDY DE ROCKS.—Yes; but you sell your pictures.

D'AUBER *(with a vision of the hard-scrapple time he has been having ever since he entered the profession)*.—You wrong me, Miss De Rocks, you wrong me! I never sold a picture in my life!

## BROKEN CURVES.

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MISS LIGHTFOOT.—Yes, Mr. Manager, I've enjoyed my Summer immensely. I am as strong and healthy as can be. You need have no fear of my being on the sick list this season. I have just lived on my bicycle. You remember you told me I could lead the Amazon march this year. I'll go and fix up for the rehearsal.

(MISS LIGHTFOOT'S strength and muscles may have been improved, but not her chances to lead the Amazon march.)

### FROM CONFUCIUS.

Would 'st know thy neighbor? Ask his slave.

Would 'st know thy son? The watchman on the beat can tell thee.

Would 'st know thy daughter? Ask a friend to ask her friend.

Would 'st know thyself? Return thee to thy habitat at cock's crow, after thy vigil at the bedside of thy friend. Thy wife will tell thee all.

*W. M. Patrick.*

### A CHICAGO IDEA.

'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have lost at all.

### PECULIAR.

Because it is n't common
We call it common sense;
Whatever pleases, howe'er small,
We designate immense;
A giant of three hundred
Is oft considered small;
Of the sweetest gentleman
We say he 's full of gall;
Looseness in a character
Is caused by getting tight;
Often we can't see a thing
When held before our sight.
It strikes me as peculiar,
Tho' by 't I 've not been hit,
That all these things should be so. —
Did'st ever think of it?

*David H. Talmadge.*

### AN ILLUSTRATION.

HE.—Yes, Jack is very fond of drawing fine distinctions.

SHE.—I have n't noticed it.

HE.—No? Don't you remember that, the other night, he was trying to explain the difference between love and emotional insanity?

### TRUTHFUL.

IKEY WAXELBAUM *(worried)*.—Fader, dose last six-tollar suitings ish vorse dan ve effer hantled pefore. Dey vill look rusty vit two veek's vare.

MOSES WAXELBAUM *(thoughtfully)*.—Look rusty in two veek's vare? Vell, tell der gustomers dey vill vare like iron.

### TO BE CONSIDERED.

FIRST BOARDER.—That forger you were talking about yesterday has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

SECOND BOARDER.—That 's a gloomy prospect for a man.

FIRST BOARDER.—Well, I don't know. They get first-class meals at Thanksgiving and Christmas.

DID YOU ever notice the anxiety of a fat man to prove that he really weighs less than he looks, and the skinny man's concern to have you know how much stronger he is than he appears?

MANY A MAN would have a less distorted view of the world if it were not for his I's.

VERY OFTEN when people speak of a criminal lawyer they are getting more use of the adjective than they suspect.

A GOOD MANY men who are the architects of their own fortunes do not seem to have let the contract for construction to the right man.

STATISTICS SHOW that insomnia is not in it with poker as a cause of loss of sleep.

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### ENOUGH SAID.

CUSTOMER.—Has he a pedigree?

FANCIER.—Pedigree be hanged! He licked five dogs to-day, and—

CUSTOMER.—I 'll take him.

**PUCK.**

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### BRYAN AND "THE PEOPLE."

THE PECULIAR GIFTS of Mr. Bryan qualify him to wreck a far more deserving cause than free silver. Nothing stamps him so unmistakably a demagogue as his assumptions that the "masses" are arrayed against the "classes;" and that the "classes" are bent upon surrendering the right of self-government to foreign legislative bodies. And, while there have been demagogues before, there have been few so narrow and so blind. As he surveys the United States, he sees it peopled by two types, — the poor man and the rich man. The poor man is very poor, and the rich man is very rich. One is Labor and the other is Capital, and Capital is grinding Labor under its heel, for their interests are invariably hostile. Mr. Bryan aligns himself with Labor as it thus appears to his disordered mind, and hurls defiance at Capital. "We ask no quarter; we give no quarter," he says. "We shall prosecute our warfare until there is not an American citizen who dares to advocate the gold standard." Adherence to the gold standard, as he sees it, is the brazen effrontery of a robber who has his victim bound hand and foot. Adherence to the silver standard is the protest of the hapless victim.

* * *

How does this nightmare of power dancing upon prostrate weakness line up with the facts? We are seventy million people. A few are very rich and a few are very poor, just as a few are very beautiful and a few very ugly. But the most of us are neither one nor the other. The "masses" are notoriously in a state of comfort that ranges from a good living to easy prosperity, and when Mr. Bryan pictures them as poor, half-starved wretches eager to pay dollar debts with half-dollars, he insults a heavy majority of the American people. And, after accusing such people as believe in honest money of being robbers and oppressors, Mr. Bryan imputes to them the further villainy of wishing "to invest in foreign legislative bodies the power to legislate for the people of the United States." His first assumption that all who differ with him are dishonest was impudent. This last is silly. According to his gospel there is but one truly American system of finance, and this must be inaugurated "without the aid or consent of any other nation on earth." That is a fine-sounding phrase, but, while Mr. Bryan has been making the land melodious with its sonority, the voters of the country have been studying the question of finance with an honest wish to get the right of it. One of the discoveries they must have made is that Mr. Bryan's classification of the people into capitalists and oppressed workingmen is hysterical rather than scientific, — for the most of them, be it known, are capitalists in a small way, as well as workingmen. Mr. Bryan declares that "the gold standard argument is directed to the bank-book of the man who wants to live while others die." There are plenty of workingmen with bank-books, and they are capitalists to the extent of their savings, and these same small capitalists must resent being classed as men "who want to live while others die."

* * *

Another discovery the masses must have made is that the talk about free silver being "American" is claptrap of the cheapest kind. Free silver is quite as Mexican and Chinese as it is American; and a 100 cent dollar is just as American as it is English or German. There are no international bounds to square dealing; nor is it unpatriotic to hold to a system that has been approved by the civilized world.

* * *

As Mr. Bryan separates from "the people" all those who believe in honest money, it has been necessary for him to excommunicate an element that has hitherto been considered highly respectable and deserving. He thus accounts for the fact that ministers of the gospel are opposed to him: "A gold standard makes hard times; hard times drive men out of employment; idleness is conducive to crime; therefore, a gold standard by increasing the amount of crime increases the demand for ministers to put down crime." Mr. Bryan professes to be a devout churchman, and yet, because ministers of the gospel disagree with him upon a subject of economics and common honesty, he ranks them lower than the rum-seller, the dive-keeper or the house-breaker. This is a novel view of the clergy, and perhaps it may be taken as an additional proof that Mr. Bryan is not rich in understanding.

* * *

In a late speech occurs this remarkable passage: "and yet, my friends, it is the common people whom they tell you are not capable of self-government." Who has been telling "whom" that the common people are not capable of self-government? Who are the "they" referred to by Mr. Bryan? It would seem that he had learned this speech from some ancient hand-book of oratory; but, if it be all his own, he is destined to learn very soon, not only that the common people are capable of and do govern themselves; but that they are too clear-headed to be duped by misfit oratory.

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"A GIANT CRACKER."

### HANDICAPPED.

"Will Corbett accept that French prize-fighter's challenge?"

"No; it 's out of the question, of course."

"Why so?"

"Corbett does n't speak French."

### APPALLING TO CONTEMPLATE.

LITTLE CLARENCE. — Pa?

MR. CALLIPERS. — Well, my son?

LITTLE CLARENCE. — Pa, what do you suppose would have become of the American people if Mr. Bryan had died of stomach-ache when a baby?

### AS THE WORLD GROWS WISER.

JOHNNY. — A *casus belli* is a cause of war, isn't it, Papa?

PAPA. — I should say that, nowadays, a *casus belli* is a dispute which might have led to war but did n't.

### THE OBJECT OF HIS VISIT.

"Did Sir Alfred Murgatroyd come over here on business?"

"Oh, no! It is purely a pleasure trip. He came over here to swear at the country."

### REVERSING THE DOCTRINE.

"It strikes me that invention is the mother of necessity."

"How do you make that out?"

"Take the bicycle. Nobody needed it before it was invented, and now we could n't get along without it."

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### A PROBABLE PROMOTION.

ROSENBAUM *(proudly)*. — My son Solly vent to vork rebording on a newsbaber yesterday, undt lasd nighdt hees city editor sendt him oud on an assignment.

COHENSTEIN *(approvingly)*. — Dot vos doing splendit. Maype tonighdt he geds sendt oudt on a fire.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

HISTORY REPEATS IT

PEATS ITSELF.

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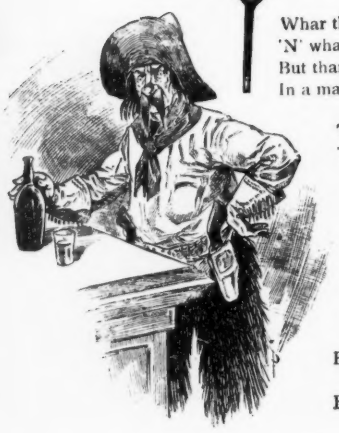
## WESTERN PHILOSOPHY.



YOU KIN talk about y'r eddicated seckshuns uv th' East
Whar a man kin rise t' fame ef he contains th' proper yeast;
Whar with cultured schools uv science all th' progeny is blest,
'N' they look with eyes uv horror t' th' undeveloped West;

Whar th' "ologies" is swarmin' thick ez Darkies in th' South,
'N' whar Latin flows in torrents from each infant's toothless mouth;
But thar brainiest perfessor 'ud but prove a born gerloot
In a match with Western talent on th' proper way t' shoot.

They kin study complicated codes 'n' dickerin's uv law,
'N' th' proper way t' pull th' leg uv clients over raw;
But on modern execution they are far from bein' blest
With the same dispatch 'n' neatness ez accomplished in th' West.

They kin learn th' way t' gamble with another feller's stake
In thar gilded bankin' houses, 'n' t' "grab" afore they break;
But thar hain't no Eastern banker from th' bottom t' th' boss
Ez hez ever backed three aces with his gold, his clothes 'n' hoss.

They kin learn t' take an absynthe er a glass uv beer ef dry,
'N' imagine in thar stunted minds thar soarin' mighty high;
But such aggravatin' trifles 'ud produce a wild unrest
In th' copper-armored stomacks uv thar brethren in th' West.

They kin learn t' cuss perlitely — in a literary way,
But when all thar wind 's expended they have not had much t' say;
Oh! they oughter hear th' ever-flowin' iridescent streak
Uv th' emphasizin' adjectives that chase th' words *we* speak!

Ya-a-s, thar into all th' ologies 'n' sciences so deep
That 't would make old Aristotle with th' tears uv envy weep:
But thar lackin' — sadly lackin' — on th' points that makes a man,
'Nd they 've never had 'em mastered — never will — 'n' never can!

Fer they 've not th' right surroundin's t' promote th' nobler ends
That 's attained with ease surprisin' by thar favored Western friends.
An' my heart is filled with sorrer fer th' Eastern boy, unblest
With th' simplest aids t' manhood, ez is runnin' wild Out West!

*Fred. J. Eaton.*

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## A THEORY.

SHE.— I can't get the baby to take this medicine at all!
HE.— I suppose he 's afraid it 's something to make him sleep.

## A BIMETALLIC SHOWER.

VENERABLE POPULIST.— And then the fairy raised her magic wand and there was a shower of gold—
HIS GRANDCHILD.—Was she a wicked fairy, Grandpa?
VENERABLE POPULIST.— A shower of gold and silver my child, at the ratio of sixteen to one.

## THE BICYCLE CRAZE.

HE.— Will you marry me?
SHE.— What make of bicycle do you ride?

## PROSELYTING.

LAWYER.—How did you fellows ever manage to stay out three days and nights in Wowwow *versus* Bowwow? The facts were as plain as daylight.
JUROR. — There were three silver men on the jury.

## SHE KNEW BETTER.

"Prices," she read, "are determined by demand and supply."
The popular actress smiled scornfully.
"Have I not," she soliloquized, "at the fair for the benefit of the Hottentots, sold roses at five dollars each, where there was no demand whatever and a practically unlimited supply?"

ON SILVER Bryan's mind is bent,
He wants it everywhere;
And long before he 's President
He 'll have it in his hair.

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## THE ESSENTIAL PART.

LORD NOTASENT *(moodily)*.— I dreamt last night, James, that I had plenty of money!
THE VALET *(eagerly)*.— An' 'oo was th' 'appy H'american girl, me lud?

## STIRRING UP DISCONTENT.

SHE.— John, *will* you get up and light the fire?
HE. – Maria, don't keep making incendiary speeches.

## SOMETHING FOR THE PATIENTS TO GAZE AT.

FIRST HOSPITAL SURGEON.— We got a nice picture to hang in injuries' ward to-day.
SECOND HOSPITAL SURGEON.—What was that?
"A group photograph of the officers of the cable road."

## READY TO AID.

FRIEND.—I see that Government bonds are going up.
MILLIONAIRE.— I see they are. The next time this country is short of money, she can count on me.

## A DISCREDITED PROPHET.

BROWN. — Can't you show your friend just how free silver would work?
JONES.— Yes; but I 'm at a disadvantage in talking to him. I once demonstrated to him that the Raines law would make it hard to get a drink on Sunday.

## BITTERLY OPPOSED TO HIM.

MRS. BROWN.— Oh! I think this man Bryan is simply horrible! They say he is advocating free riots.
MRS. JONES.— Is he?
MRS. BROWN.— Yes; — and my husband is in the militia!

## WHEN POLLY HAS VIEWS.

"POLLY," said I, "do you ever think on the weighty problems of life?"

"H-m?" said Polly.

She had her mouth full of pins, which she stuck hap-hazard into a big linen bed-quilt, or something which she was embroidering. I repeated my question. She said, "M-h — m-h!" and nodded.

"What is the chief end of man?"

She took the pins out of her mouth and putting her head on one side, surveyed her labor critically.

"Papa says the chief end of man is to sell real estate."

I laughed. I always feel it incumbent on me to laugh at the jokes of Polly's father.

"And what is the chief end of women?"

"To get married," responded Polly, cheerfully. I looked surprised.

"Do you remember when you and I went to the High School commencement last Spring?" Polly nodded. "And heard a tall, lanky girl read an essay on 'Women's Mission in Life'?" Polly nodded again. "Well," I continued, triumphantly, "you said afterward that it was very true!"

"And you said it was 'jolly rot'!"

"Did I? Well, I have n't changed my opinion; it seems that you have."

"No," said Polly; "that is what a woman's chief end should be; you asked me what it is."

"Oh!"

"Yes," went on Polly; "if I did n't have to marry I 'd be a writer — a novelist, and write beautiful stories and be famous."

"Like the Duchess?" I asked, sarcastically."

"M-h — m-h!"

"But can't you write novels just as well when you are married?"

"No; you have to be wedded to your art to do good work."

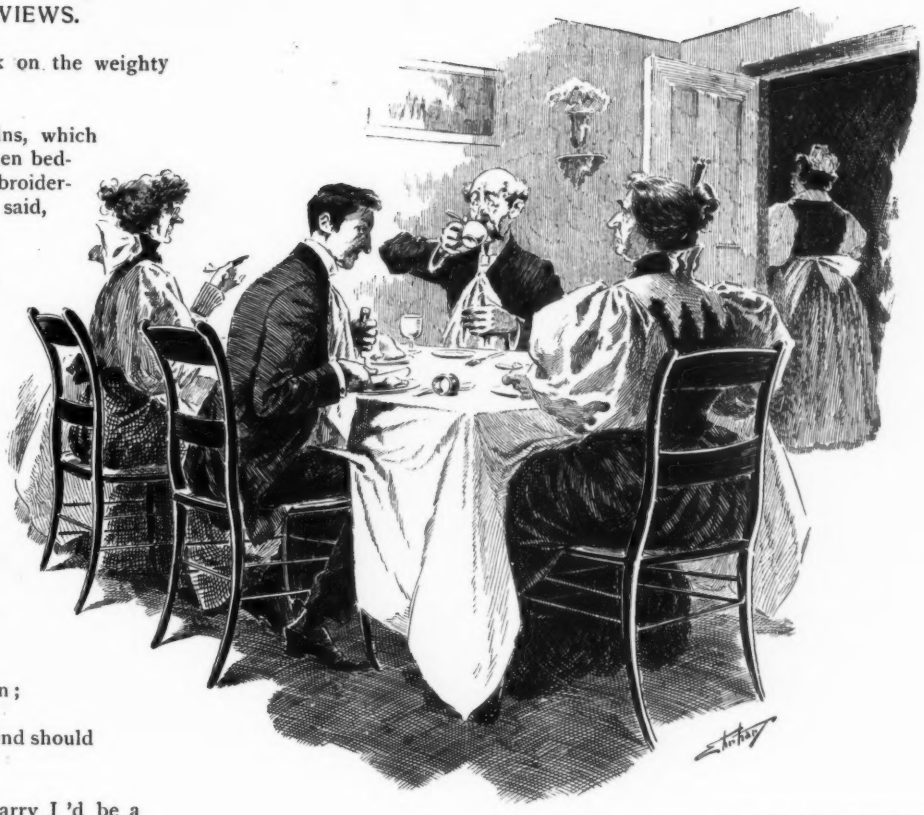
"Oh! But you speak of having to marry. I don't see that you have to; there is no law compelling a woman to wed."

"Don't you want me to marry you?" cried Polly, aggrievedly.

"Of course I do!" I hastened to assure her; "but you 're not obliged to."

"Not obliged to!" cried Polly, in amazement. "Of course I 'm obliged to. If I did n't, some other girl would get you!"

*Richard Stillman Powell.*



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## HIS SARCASTIC QUERY.

LANKS.— What kind of a chicken is this, Mrs. Hungerford?

LANDLADY.— A Plymouth Rock, I was told at the market.

LANKS.— H'm! What is the difference, if any, between this and the common flint variety?

## HIS EXPERIENCE.

FRIEND.— I should think, Professor, that you would be too absent-minded to ride a wheel.

THE PROFESSOR.— Oh, well, when I become absent-minded, I don't stay on the wheel.

## IN TRAINING.

BROWN *(in awestruck whisper)*.— Say, there is the training-quarters of Red Lankton, the great prize-fighter. It is his hour for training; let 's go over and look in the door.

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RED LANKTON.— You 're a cur! — a coward! You 're afeard o' me! — I 'll break yer face inter bits! — Yer dassent fight! — Yer could n't whip a blind cripple! — You 're a dead fake!

GREEN.— What 's he doing?

BROWN *(with commiseration for his companion's ignorance)*.— Why, he 's training for his next fight — that 's what he is doing.

THE CELEBRATED

# SOHMER

**Pianos are the Best.**

Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

**S—O—H—M—E—R.**

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

For

**Dandruff,**

**Chafing, Itching,**

**Bad Complexion,**

**and Odors from Perspiration,**

use that delightful antiseptic cleanser,

# Packer's Tar Soap

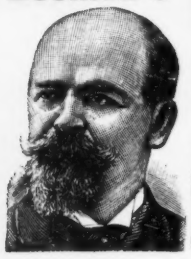
**RHEINSTROM BROS.**
CINCINNATI, O.

**Popular Cocktails**

WHISKEY
MANHATTAN
MARTINI
VERMOUTH
BRANDY
GIN
TOM GIN
CHAMPAGNE

Perfection in Combination, Quality, Purity and Brilliancy.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.



**Beeman's—** THE ORIGINAL **Pepsin Gum**

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.

**The Perfection of Chewing Gum**

And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
**Beeman Chemical Co.**
27 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
*Originators of*
**Pepsin Chewing Gum.**

DISCONCERTING.

WABLIN. — The church clocks around here don t strike the hour at the same time, I notice.

WADLEY. — No; you see, no two of the churches around here agree on a single point. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

A CASE OF FRIGHT.

"Did you rise to the occasion, Rossey, when the burglars got into your house?"

"No; but my hair did." — *Detroit Free Press.*

THERE is such a thing as a prayer meeting being prayed to death.

—*Ram's Horn.*

**LOWNEY'S** CHOCOLATE BONBONS.

*"Name on Every Piece."*

The crowning triumph of confectioners' art.

**SAMPLE PACKAGE 10c. IN STAMPS**

If you wish a pound or more, and your dealer will not supply you, we will send you, on receipt of price, 1-lb box 60c., 2-lb. box, $1.20; 3-lb box, $1.80; 5-lb. box, $3.00. Delivered free in U S

The WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., 81 Pearl St., Boston.

YEAST. — Where 's the boy orator now?

CRIMSONBEAK. — He 's taking a rest.

"What is he doing?"

"Sawing wood."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"DID Miss Dubb make her debut last night?"

"No. She did n't have the face to make her appearance before such a large assemblage."

"What was the matter?"

"Her make-up box was stolen."—*Norristown Herald.*

HOW pretty a woman's ankle looks in a hosiery advertisement!—*Atchison Globe.*

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A PROTOTYPE.

S. S. TEACHER.— Who was Noah?

PUPIL.— He was a weather prophet. When he said it was going to rain, nobody believed him.

**Half A MILLION Dollars**

To be Given Away in Articles of Real Value to the Users of

**Mail Pouch TOBACCO**

CHEWING & SMOKING — NICOTINE NEUTRALIZED

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*One Coupon in each 5 cent Package and Two Coupons in each 10 cent Package.*
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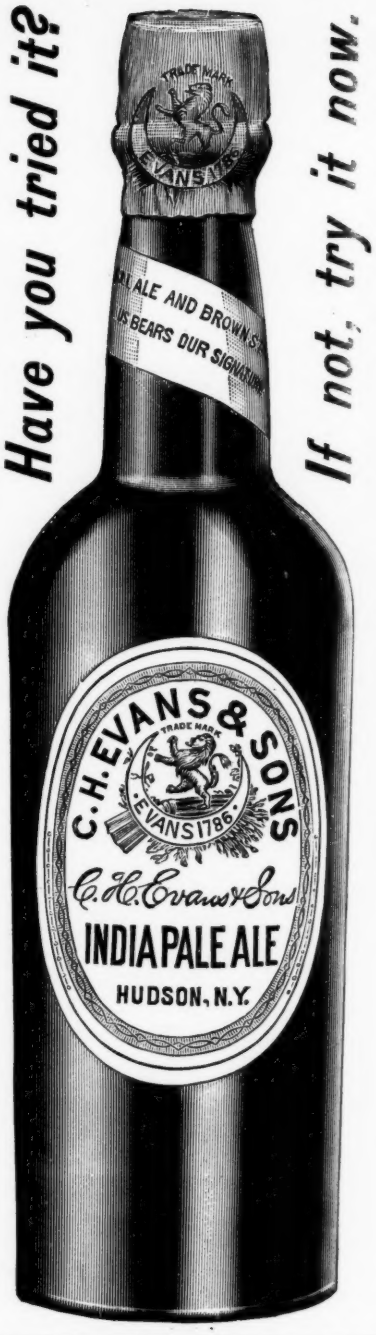
**THE BLOCH BROS. TOBACCO CO., WHEELING, WEST VA.**
**No coupons exchanged after July 1, 1897.**

THE fact that there are 180,955.37 miles of railroad track in the United States gives the comedians something to look forward to.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

MR. POORLY. — This 'ere wall 'll fall down ef ye don't fix it; th' cracks are enormous.

LANDLORD. — All right. I 'll have it papered at once.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars
EST. 1857.
COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST




**Blair's Pills**
Great English Remedy for
**GOUT and RHEUMATISM.**
*SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE.*
Druggists, or 224 William St., New York.

**BARKEEPERS FRIEND**
METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre, never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

A FRIENDLY CALL.

GITMORE.—You were not in yesterday when I called. I wanted to borrow ten dollars.

GIVUM.—Yes, I was; I was in ten dollars.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

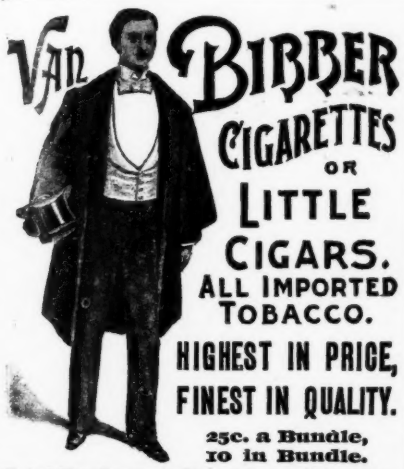
HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman St.,
All kinds of Paper made to order.

H. & C. CURTIS & CO'S.
*Jnanda*
TRADE MARK
ON SALE AT Furnishers
25¢
FACTORIES, TROY, N. Y.

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

"Henry, ever since you put that barrel of cider in the cellar the cook insists on sleeping on the laundry floor."

"Well, tell her I 'll have it carried up to her room."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*


**Trial Package** in Pouch by mail for **25c.**

H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.



# Growing Children

One-third of all the children die before they are five years old. Most of them die of some wasting disease. They grow very slowly; keep thin in flesh; are fretful; food does not do them much good. You can't say they have any disease, yet they never prosper. A slight cold, or some stomach and bowel trouble takes them away easily.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is just the remedy for growing children. It makes hard flesh; sound flesh; not soft, flabby fat. It makes strong bones, healthy nerves. It changes poor children to children rich in prosperity.

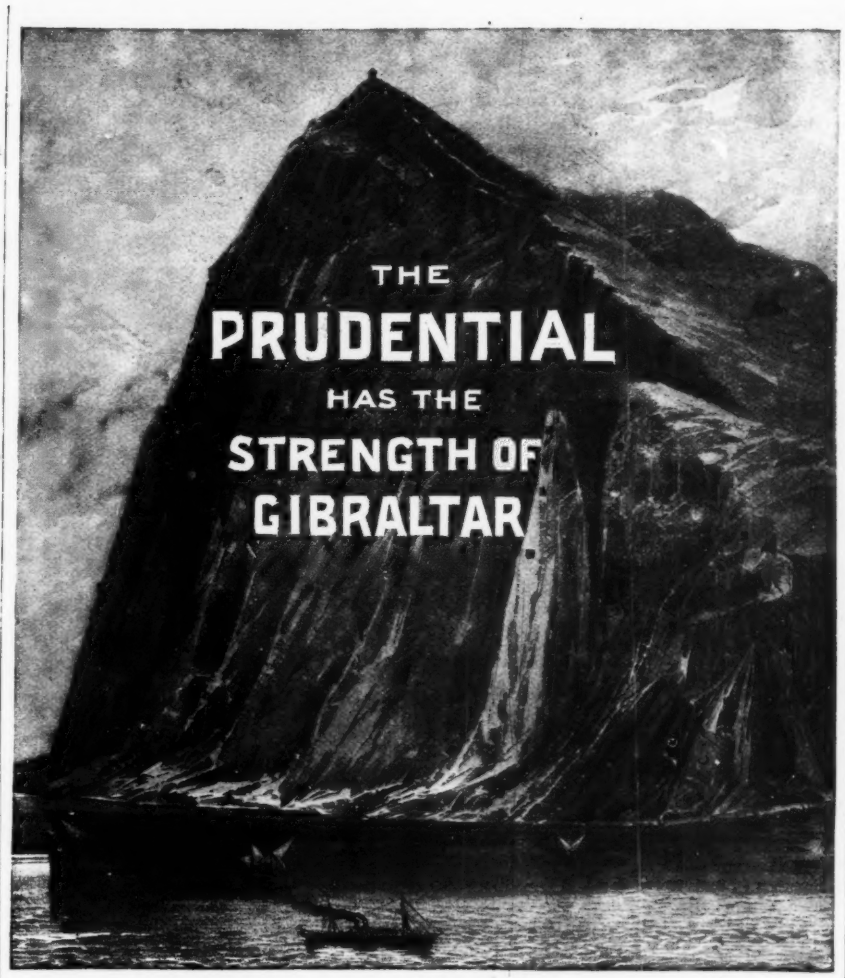
Book about it free for the asking.

☞ No substitute for Scott's Emulsion will do for the children what we know Scott's Emulsion will do. Get the genuine.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.


THERE are thousands of promises in the Bible, but not one of them was put there to make a loafer happy. — *Ram's Horn.*


Assets over $15,780,000. Income $12,500,000. Surplus $3,300,000.

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# The Prudential

is vastly more important to the welfare of a family than is Gibraltar to the British Empire. **The Prudential** insures men, women and children. Write for descriptive literature. . . . . .

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



Arnold Constable & Co.

# HOSIERY.

*Plain and Ribbed Real Balbriggan Hose and Half Hose, Embroidered and Lace Silk Hose and Half Hose for Evening Wear.*

"CARTWRIGHT & WARNER'S"

Celebrated Underwear.

*Men's Llama Wool and Silk Mixed Underwear. Men's Golf and Bicycle Hose.*

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

9 Cliff St., New York, Sept. 15th, 1896.

We have purchased S. RAE & CO.'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL at retail in the open market, and have submitted samples so obtained to careful chemical analysis.

We find the oil to be PURE OLIVE OIL unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity, and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of SUPERIOR QUALITY AND FLAVOR.

THE LEDOUX CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

A. R. Ledoux Prest.

Est. 1836. S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.


SOMETHING NEW AT THE CIRCUS.

JINKS.—Been to the circus, eh? See anything new?

BLINKS.—Yes. The children who laughed at the clowns were new.—*New York Weekly.*

The path to satisfaction is pointed by this guideboard. What has made single tube tires famous? HARTFORD TIRES, they are the original single tubes.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.

HARTFORD, CONN.

New York. Philadelphia. Chicago. Minneapolis. Toronto.


EVERYBODY goes to church the first Sunday after a new piece of gossip has been started, to see if "they" will be there.—*Atchison Globe.*


**CANDY** Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.



**OPIUM** HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

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CONVALESCENT, BUT NOT CHEERFUL.

PATIENT.—I 'm gettin' bedder now; but I dell you dis sickness gosts me a lot of money.
FRIEND.—Dot doctor charges high, aind't it?
PATIENT.—Yes; undt der medicines he 's gifin' me now make me haf such an expensive appetite!



**FASTEST TRAINS IN THE WORLD — ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.**

Garford CYCLE SADDLES ARE STANDARD

Choose a Saddle that Fits

Adjust it carefully and cycle in comfort. Our '97 line is so varied and complete, all can be suited. All high grade dealers will have these saddles. Insist on having one supplied with your new '97 wheel.

A '97 LADY'S PAD SADDLE

ENTIRELY UNLIKE OTHERS

No strains or soreness. *Notice the smooth metal front; skirt cannot catch.*

GARFORD MFG. CO., Elyria, Ohio.

Largest Manufact. of Cycle Saddles in the World.


CALLER.—Is Miss Bloomer in?

SERVANT.—No, sir.

CALLER.—But I just saw her come in.

SERVANT.—Yes, sir; but she saw you first.—*Yale Record.*

NOT TO BE SEPARATED.

"I only make one condition, Count."

"Vot ees it?"

"That I can not undertake to deliver the amount my daughter will settle upon you until after the first week in November. But, of course, the marriage need n't be delayed."

"Excoos me. Vile I am vaiting I can choost so vell vait for ze girl as ze money!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*


The public knows that *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters is the only genuine—and will not accept any substitute


BINKS.—He is a man who has suffered for his convictions.

HINKS.—How is that?

BINKS.—He thinks he can get a No. 6 shoe on a No. 8 foot.—*Yale Record.*

THERE is probably nothing quite so cold as a piece of oil-cloth stepped on in the dark.—*Washington Democrat.*


**Hygienically and Economically**

every man commits a crime against common sense if he does not wear the **Genuine Guyot Suspenders.** All imitations are frauds. Send 50 cents for sample pair to OSTHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, N. Y.


FIRST BURGLAR.—How 's times?

SECOND BURGLAR.—Tough.

"Break in anything lately?"

"No; have n't had a chance to break in a pair of new shoes, even."—*Yonkers Statesman.*


**OPIUM AND MORPHINE "HABITS."**

If you have a friend who uses Opium or Morphine, write me at once. My treatment is radically different from all others, contains no opiate or other narcotic; cures secretly, without suffering.

Free trial; if not satisfied it costs you nothing.

CARLOS BRUISARD, M. D., 187 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.


THE ordinary house-fly contains more tickle in its make-up than an elephant. Tickle does n't go by weight.—*West Union Gazette.*

"THE devil is not as black as he is painted,"—nor is he as red as he is pictured on the stage.—*Norristown Herald.*


DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

WANTED—AN IDEA. Write John Wedderburn & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize.

"Please, Mister Burglar, don't take that,

'cause papa says us children couldn't get along without it."

There is more actual nourishment in

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

TRADE MARK.

—**the food drink**—than can be gained in any other way. It's a prime producer of blood and the ideal vitalizer. Invaluable for nursing mothers and sufferers from wasting diseases.

*Sold by all druggists.*

**Prepared by ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION, St. Louis, U. S. A.**

*Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.*

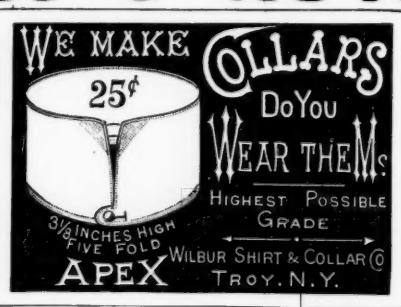
NEW YORK DEPOT, 24 AND 27 WEST STREET.


MADE A CHANGE.

"That Mr. Flighty appears to have come off his high horse lately."

"Yes; he rides a safety now."—*Detroit Free Press.*

MUCH as a man admires a woman, he can't honestly admit that she knows anything about politics.—*Atchison Globe.*



IN THE TANK.

"What have you got there in that swimming belt?"

"Cork."

"Where 's your corkscrew?"

"I 'm the cork's crew."—*Cleve. Plain Dealer.*

WE all have strings to us which some one else is pulling.—*Atchison Globe.*


PUCK'S QUARTERLY

One Hundred Pages of PUCK'S Unadulterated Fun for TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

All dealers. By mail from the publishers on receipt of price. Address: PUCK, N Y


NOT FULLY EQUIPPED.

REDHOT PETE.—Take a han' in this poker game, stranger?

STRANGER.—Excuse me, please.

REDHOT PETE.—No money, hey?

STRANGER.—Yes; but no gun.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A WESTERN editor states that after the remonetization of silver the desubscriptionization of produce will ensue. This means the demonetization of garden sass, and another unpardonable crime.—*Adams Freeman.*

IT 's about time to drag out the flannel shirts and hammer down the scratchers that grow on them.—*West Union Gazette.*

MAUDE.—That Mr. Huggins has nearly broken my heart!

MILLY.—Yes; is n't he terrible? When he called on me he nearly broke my ribs.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

JAGGS.—What is considered the highest athletic college in the country?

SNAGGS.—The electoral college—it produces the most kickers.—*Adams Freeman.*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TRUE TO NATURE.

SHE (*after the amateur performance of "Hamlet"*).—What a poorly delivered soliloquy! I could n't understand a word of it.

HE.—That is usually the case with the soliloquies we hear in actual life.

MR. RAPLEY.—How many men is paid on yo' nine, Mr. Catchah?

MR. CATCHAH.—Oney two.

MR. RAPLEY.—Oney two?

MR. CATCHAH.—Yep; me an' de umpiah.—*Atlanta Constitution.*


THE IDEAL LAXATIVE

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

10¢ 25¢, 50¢

TRADE MARK.

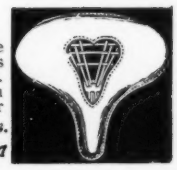
ALL DRUGGISTS

*"The Handsome Hunts" are fine Christmas gifts and fit any wheel*

# Hunt Hygienic Cycle Saddles

1897 MODELS ARE NOW READY.

## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



These saddles were the success of 1896 and we could not begin to meet the demand; we can in 1897, having greatly increased facilities. These saddles are strongly, neatly made. They have stood the test of a season's use. You know what you get when you buy a Hunt Hygienic Saddle; you don't when you buy an imitation. Insist on having a Hunt on your new wheel. New Catalog free. ***Hunt Mfg. Co., Westboro, Mass.***

ARTISTIC FRIEND.— And so you are to be married?

MISS MARIE BILKINS *(struggling artist)*.—Yes; it is simply impossible to sell a picture with such a name as Bilkins on it, so I have accepted the heart and hand of a grocery clerk named De La Croix.—*New York Weekly.*

# BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

# THE CLUB COCKTAILS

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Seashore, or the Picnic.

Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Vermouth and York

All ready for use, require no mixing. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one bottled and aged must be the better. Try our **York Cocktail**—without any sweetening—dry and delicious. For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S., and all druggists and dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS. **G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.**

39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. HARTFORD, CONN. 20 PICCADILLY, W. LONDON, ENG.

***Annual Sales Over 6,000,000 Boxes!***

# BEECHAM'S PILLS

**FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS**

such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, **Sick Headache,** Giddiness, Swelling and Distress after meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Costiveness or Constipation, Blotches on the Skin, etc.

**The first Dose will give Relief in Twenty Minutes.**

Every sufferer will acknowledge them to be a

## Wonderful Medicine!

For a

**Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver,**

they act like magic, arousing with the **Rosebud of Health** *the whole physical energies of the human frame,* and are positively

## Without a Rival!

They quickly restore females to complete health, because they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system. 25 cts. at Drug Stores or post-paid on receipt of price. Address,

**B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 Canal St., New York.**

*Book Free upon application.*

IT is not always the man who has money to burn that burns it.—*Atchison Globe.*

**GET RICH QUICKLY.** Send for "200 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

LOVELY WOMAN.

BELLE.—I can't bear dressmakers,—they make so many mistakes!

BLANCHE (*looking sidewise*).—And it 's so much worse when you have to wear them afterwards.

GOOD ENOUGH.

"My opinion is that the drama is on its last legs."

"What 's the odds as long as its legs last?"—*Roxbury Gazette.*

# VON BÜLOW'S WIFE.

Bülow gave Wagner his wife, saying, "Master, I am proud to think I have something worthy of your acceptance."

We have something worthy of **your** acceptance — a handsome "Bay State" Mandolin, perfect in tone and perfect in workmanship, for the extremely low price of

## $8.50.

The "Bay State" instruments are pronounced by experts to be the finest in the world. We have in stock cheaper Mandolins than the above, and others costing ten times this price; but for a substantial, serviceable instrument at a low price, no other instrument manufactured can compare with it.

*SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.*

**JOHN C. HAYNES & CO.,**
**453-463 Washington Street, Boston.**
**C. H. DITSON & CO.,**
**867 Broadway, (18th St.,) New York.**

T IS EVER THUS.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
When plumbers cease from looking glum,
And coal keeps getting dear.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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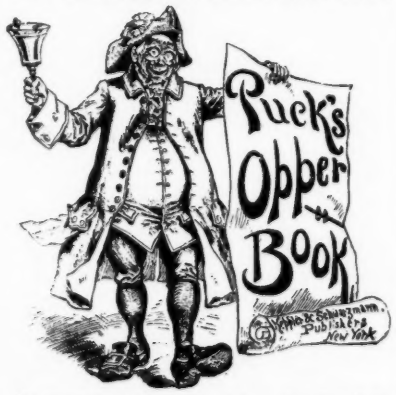


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